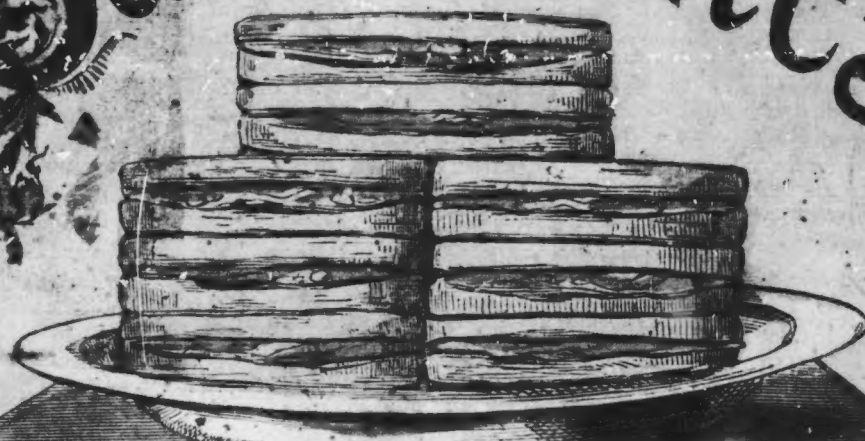


Sandwiches



By
Artemus Ward.

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SANDWICHES.

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS.

To the Editor of the——

Sir—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—'t would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Tayler, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellaneous moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c, ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines saying how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaeld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temp-

rance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin about my show say my snaks is as harmilis as the new born Babe.

What a interestin study it is to see a wvologcal animil like a snak under perfect subjecshun! My Kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to sekewer your inflooune, I repeet in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em struck arf up to your printing office. My per-literal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures

A. WARD.

P. S.—Yon scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.



"As jenial a feller as we ever met."

AMONG THE SHAKERS.

The Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contact with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue piyusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I observed the gleams of a taller candle. Tien a hornet's nest to my off boss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place, I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see-before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endev-erd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your services gratootitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant where there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, includin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be fassshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Billin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed, "You're a man of sin!" He then waikt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, putting on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller." [N. B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickle her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't I scacely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. You ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbands. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his bed in at the door.

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I'd met previally, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuf to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I,—

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly said.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "My pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the following picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeerel on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Seeseshun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep again, and drempt of runnin off with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldiusville, and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panful of Bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was redly for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushin state. Sez I, "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

"You must excuus Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subject to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

After breakfast my little Shaker friends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we yay agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that morning, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females onj tother. They commenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up, they shaved it down very briak, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approv smile and sed:

"Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!"

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggierfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin! This long weskit bizness and this anty matrimony ideo? My friends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancestors used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and dont dtisarb nobody. For all this I give you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your peccoler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan shc sumtimes do. [I

gav Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your barthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the Jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, driven in from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and peccoler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces pf caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fools yerselves with the ideo that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree once in every 24 hours subject to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, on-reasonable and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends, I now bid you a welcome adoo."

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty." And I resoomed my jerney.



Artemus among the Shakers.

"Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

THE CRISIS.

[This Oration was delivered before the commencement of the war.]

On returnin to my burnsted in Baldinsville, Injanny, resuntly, my feller sitterszens extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on last Toosday nite I peared be4 a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke nearly as fellows:

Baldinsvillins: Hearted, as I have numerously observed, I have abstained from having any sentiments or principles, my pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fact can't be no longer disguised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammatory individooals who assisted in projuding this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scarcely. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for sevrul weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's stirrin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat an I chanced Bizness of all kinds tighter nor I ever chanced any of my livin wild Beests. Allow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at present is as harmless as the newborn Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resoom—Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the original cawz of her is. The original cawz is Our Afrikan Brother. I was into BARNIM's Moozeum down to New York the other day & saw that eccentric Etheopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, you folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be rather more numeris than interestin. It is a pity you coodent go orf sumwhares by yourselves, & be a nation of What Is Its, tho' if you'll excoose me, I shooden't care about marryin among you. No dow't you're exceedin charmin to hum, but your stile of luvliness isn't adapted to this cold climt." He larfed into my face which rather Riled me, as I had been perfectly virtuous and respectable in my observashuns. So sez I, turnin a leetle red in the face I spect, "Do you hav the unblushin impodents to say you folks haven't raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whareupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & talk all the other What Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your rinterestin picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the gratest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally hav the owdasity to larf about it. Go home, you low cuss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch, & I proceeded to a Restorator & cooled orf with some little fishes biled in ile—I b'leeve thay call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzens, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevrul hily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females tell usso & fur argymen't's sake I might be injooiced to grant it, tho' I don't beleeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevrul of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grand-

father, and our grate-grandfather, and our Aunt in the country. Scarcely, & yit numeris persons would have us think so. It's tooo he runs Congress & sevrul other public grosserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise. [Notias to bizness man of "Vanity Fair." Extry charg fur this larst remark. It's a goak—A. W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or rather he's got us, & now what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosance. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur some wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Run, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's ne good here, & as I stait to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he coodent go orf sumwhares quietly by hisself, whare he coud wear red weakits & speckled neckties, and grateerly his amb'shun in varis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy, Cum to think on it, I am. He wooden't be sich a infernal noosance if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone. What's the good of containerly stirrin him up with a ten-foot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Perfoomery when in a natral stait.



Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The black devil Disunion is toooly here, starin us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of another brother? Shall we mix our whiskey with each other's blud? Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this here Skoolhouse upon my nativ shore, so to speak I anser—Nary!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row, and who in the fust place started it, I'm 'shamed of you. The showman blushes for you, from his boots to the topmost hair upon his venerable hed.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the supervizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances

whatsomever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my campane with my Show, wharever I pitch my little tent, you shall see floatin proudly from the centre pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thare! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half price.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordiniy, havin wiped my massiv brough with Betsy Jane's bandanner, I squatted.

In the Ortum of 18—my frend, the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle was obliged to leave perfeshernal dooties & dig his taters, & he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the xchanges for one issou, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a littl Jaunt, to rest my Branes which had bin severely ruckt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter ironical). So I went over to the Rale Rood and axed the Sooprintendent for a pars.

"You a editor?" he axed, evijently on the pint of snickerin.

"Yes Sir," sez I, "don't I look poor enuff?"

"Just about," sed he "but our Road can't pars you."

"Can't hay?"

"No Sir—it can't."

"Becauz," sez I, lookin him full in the face with a Eagle eye "it goes so darned slow it cant pars anybody!" Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air, he told me to git out of his offfis. I pittid him and went.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

As soon as I'd reconverted my phisikil system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The schoolmaster sed it was cheerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm off on a travelin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothing but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. 'Squire Baxter said he'd voted the dimocratic ticket for going on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the 'Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand-up fight, if he would't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The skoolmaster however, sed the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he ad'ed. "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing to make an impression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" sed the skoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo!" I anserd, "it's a scanderus fact!"

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't believe in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky, and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire got putty riley, when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should scour up his old muskit, and do a little square stin for the old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted, and he was to old too Bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previously informed you, I am Captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradooally but majestically from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means and commenced for to recruit. Havin notist a ginerel desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear epyyllits, I detarmined to have my company composed exclsosively of officers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer-Ginerel. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recruits:

"Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?"

"Do you know a epyyllit from a piece of chalk?"

"If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill during the war?"

"Hav you ever heard of General Price of Missouri, and can you avoid simler accidents in case of a battle?"

"Hav you ever had the measles, and, if so, how many?"

"How air you now?"

"Show me your tongue," &c., &c. Some of the questions was sar-custical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin

The propriety of introducing a sad story like the following, in a book intended to be rather cheerful in its character, may be questioned; but it so beautifully illustrates the firmness of woman when grief and despair have taken possession of "the chambers of her heart," that we cannot refrain from relating it: Lucy M—— loved with all the ardor of a fond and faithful wife, and when he upon whom she had so confidently leaned was stolen from her by death, her friends and companions said Lucy would go mad. Ah, how little they knew her!

house in full uniform. I had a seris time gittin into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me pretty clost. However, onct into it, I looked fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchen.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies who was standin near the church door a-seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and sumhow my coat tales got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchers to their mouths and remarket, "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so violently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peasley," sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of yours, or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did get half asleep, for on hearing the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a condrum. It was a onfortnit remark, for the who'e meeting house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about to risin a pint of order, when it suddenly ocured to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushing like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next mornin I rose with the lark (N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'. A goak.)

My little dawter was excecotin ballids, accompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wished me to linger and hear her sing. "Hark I hear an angel singin, an angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fy, my child!" said I, a-bucklin on my armer, "I must go forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin officers, there aint no jealousy; and as we air all

exceeding smart, 'taint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed exclsosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orrigernated, I spose I skarcely need say, in these Brane. Considered as a idee, I flatter myself it is putty befty. We've got all the tackticks at our tongs' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits.

We can rest muskits with anybody.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our coat-tales to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle!

Gazing for the last time upon the clay-cold features of her departed husband, this young widow—beautiful even in her grief: so ethereal to look upon and yet so firm!—looking for the last time upon the dear, familiar face, now cold and still in death—Oh, looking for the last, last time—she rapidly put on her bonnet, and thus addressed the sobbing gentlemen who were to act as pall-bearers: "You pall-bearers just go into the buttery and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along!"



Joe Stackpole says he can lick the Seceshers in a fair stand-up fight.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Joid. While krossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N. B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found,) which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerk beef, blankits, etsettery, skulpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he should meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thar will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Mattons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally observe.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hostensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshas in their Elooc coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but, so fur as fite is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull among the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He looked at me in a auster manner for a few minits, and sed :

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sed I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesant, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sed I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am married."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squakin an hollerin enuff to take the roof rite off the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane — sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne — which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't prove of puttin verses in Prose rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim eal to any of them *Atlantic Munthly* fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your servant, marms," sed I as I sot down in a cheer which a red-headed female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sed I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir? sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sed I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a tragedy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me — that is to say, to be mine when I wants um — air at present my sperretoual wives," said Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave! ses I, seein I shoold git in'to a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meets calls him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay alers want authin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he dont have a minit's peace. His wives fite among themselves so much that he has bilt a fite room for thare speshal benefit, & when two of'em get into a row he has em turned loose into that place whar the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay aboon hisself individooaly. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky they'd saut him up in a dark closet, previly whippin him arter the stile of muthers

when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his cloce, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootus rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slave. "I fud that the keers of a married life way hev onto me," sed the profit, " & summes I wished I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a large krowd of Mormons, which they surroundid me & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sed I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all going in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my Show?" sed I, gittin

putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, "to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitution of the Unيتد States!"

"Oh now let us in," sed several femailes, puttin thare arms rownd me in luvia stile. "Becum a Preest & hav wives sealed to you."

"Not a Sea!" sed I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile ore whoos hed 37 sum-mirs must hev parsd, "stay and I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it you won't," sed I. "Awa you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin' Star!"

Sed I, "I'll bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare, ear I may Rome He still be true 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N. B. Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naims.]

"Willist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?"

"He see you all essensbally cussed be4 I wiltist!" roared I as mad as I cood be at thare infernal noncents. I girdid up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabited by as theavind & onprinciple a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.



"Oh stay, Sir, stay!" said a tawel gawnt femaile.

PICCOLOMINI.

GENTS, -I arrived in Cleveland on Saturday P. M. from Baldinville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean billed rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bisinis, & with cheerful sperrets I joined the enthooslastic throng. I asked Mr. Starkhosh at the door if he parat the perfession, and he said not much he did'nt, whereupon I bawt a preserved seat in the pit, & obsarving to Mr. Starkhosh that he need'nt put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast aujience Scarcely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance. "A this ere," sed I Bitturly, "is Is Fame! What sigerfy my wax figgers and livin wild beasts (which have no ekals) to these peple? What do they care becawz a site of my Kangaroo is wuth dubble the price of adm'ssion, and that my Snakes is as harmilis as a new born babe—all of which is strictly true?" I should have gone on ralein at Fortis and things sum more but jest then Signer Macarony cum out and sung a hairey from sum opry or other. He had on his store close and looked pretty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he se!, and so they applaw-

did him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out and sung another hairy. He appeared to be in a pen-sive Mood & sung a Luv song I suppose tho he may have been cussin the aujience all into a heap for aut I knewd. Then cum Mr. Maccarony agin & Mi-s Picklehomony herself. They sang a Doit together.

Now you know gents, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like her gate. She suits me. There has been greater singers and there has been more bootiful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hush of men's baz-zums & other wimin made becawz they ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amuzin cussedness & about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancin champion jigs in her eyes, sail eyes bein brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shoold like to have little Maria out on my farm in Baldiasvil'e, Injanny, whare she cood run in the tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at

parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat-tails, set all the fellers crazy after her, & hol-ler & kick up, & go it just as much as she wanted to! But I diegress Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the aujience, sending a broad-sid A sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapso When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Hall, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she liked her feller still the same, I made an effort to swaller myself, but, when in the next song, she looked strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me he mite hav my close as I shoold never want'em again no more in a world. [The Plain Dealer containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerley in Baldinville under no circumstances what-somever]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice girl at hart & you must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes & gumebun & a good pro-vider—a man who will luv you strong and long—a man who will luv you jest as much in your old age when

your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & you can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per sent a month, as he will now, whee you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. You ain't a Angel, Maria, & I am glad of it. When I see angels in pet-tycoats I'm always sorry they hain't got wings, so thay kin quietly fly off where thay will be appreciated. You air a woman, & a mity good one too. As for Maccarony, Brignolo, Mullen-holler and them other fellers, they can take care of themselves. Old Mac, kin make a comfortable livin choppin cord wood if his voice ever giva out and Amodio looks as tho he mite succeed in conductin sum quiet toll gate, where the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin for the Summer Cam-pane. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days and probly you will hear from me again ear I leave to once more be-cum a tosser on life's tempestuous billers, meanin the Show Bisinis.

Very Respectively Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.



Piccolomini in the Child of the Regiment.

When I was in Nevada, I was called upon, shortly after my arrival, by an athletic scarlet-faced man, who politely said his name was Blaze

"I have a little bill against you, sir," he observed.

"A bill—what for?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks?"

"Yes, sir—at my car; I keep the well-known and highly-reputed coffee-house down street."

"But, my dear sir, there is a mistake—I never drank at your bar."

"I know it, sir. That isn't the point. The point is this: I pay out my money for good liquors, and it's the people's own fault if they don't drink them. There are liquors—do as you please about drinking them, but you must pay for them! Isn't that fair?"

His enormous body (which Puck wouldn't put a girdle round for forty dollars) shook gleefully while I read this eminently original bill.

Years ago Mr. Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company.

There was a formidable and well-organized opposition to the California Stage Company at that time, and Mr. Blaze rendered them such signal service in his capacity of agent that they were very sorry when he tendered his resignation.

"You are some sixteen hundred dollars behind in your accounts, Mr. Blaze," said the President, "but in view of your faithful and efficient services, we will throw off eight hundred dollars of that amount."

Mr. Blaze seemed touched by this generosity. A tear stood in his eye, and his bosom heaved audibly.

"You will throw off eight hundred dollars—you will?" he at last cried seizing the President's hand and pressing it passionately to his lips

"I will," returned the President.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Blaze, "I'm a gentleman; I am, you bet. And I won't allow no Stage Company to surpass me in politeness. I'll throw off the other eight hundred dollars, and we'll call it square! No gratitude, sir—no thanks: it is my duty."

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

"You have perhaps wondered whereabouts I was for these many days gone and past. Perhaps you sposed I'd gone to the Tomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popler noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seceshers. a earnin my daily peck by my legadmit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your truthful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hospitallity," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to observe that they made two much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attentshuns.

I went among the Seceshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actocated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum, viz:—to giv the people their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air unsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a lier and a boss thief, but bring him be4 me, and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travels threw the Sunny South I heard a heap of talk about Seceshon and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that old Abo (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower) shouldnt never be noggerated. They also made fools of themselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued to wave over my little tent. Moorover, I was a Son of Malty, and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would seccor me the infloonz and perfection of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispited. State arter State I was seceshed, and it grewed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabama, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashum of red-faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the artemoon exhibishun had commenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole stirrin chimes). "We air cum Sir," said a milingitary man in a cockt hat, "upon a bi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin throwt this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him?" sez I, "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him scream. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The men anoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We air cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty—"

"You're right, Captin. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum—"

"And that's the reason you're here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparkling eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and bist the Southern flag?"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confiscated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of the whisky in this town, and how many cubic teet of that redutive flood can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I axed them if that was generally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomery in iuns. They was by this time joined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hol-lerin, "Hang the bold-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavillon, wherein instruction and amooment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty-faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily observed.

The Seceshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to attums

They then went to my money box, and confiscated all the loose change therein contained. They then wen and bust in my cages, lettin all the animals loose, a small but helthy tiger am ong the rest. This tiger has an excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his ginerall conduct that he'd have no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, I larfed boysterrushly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I hardly exclaimed, "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin invaded by Seceshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well-selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomery in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was an ornery edifiss, but the table was

librally supplied with Bakin and Cebbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't banker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbage.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but there was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild as state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyuck, I eride, "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthlevery. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and said his gallunt men had been a little 2 enthoosiastic in confiscatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confiscated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confiscated in the same way onct, but the confiscaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus."

"Wall, wall, mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air friendly to the South, I know. Even now we have many frens in the North who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."



"I was ceased and tied to a stump."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistake. Many of us was your sincere friends and thought certin parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But, J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals,—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorius Govymnt smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-hearted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you

don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your booths! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sunny South is makin egrejus mutton-head of herself!"

"Go on, s'r, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsville Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Captin of that Corps. I am, and, J. Davis, beware! Jefferson, D., I now leave you! Farewell, my gay Saller Boy, I Good by, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yellor covers. It will form the subject of my next Betsy Jane and the progeny air well

ON THE WING.

Gents of the Editorial Corps:—

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my show in varis places, particly at Detroit. I put up at Mr. Russell's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerable, & as I was drest in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I'd lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes Sir, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotten umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the people in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockins & be the ser-

lave of a dominicerin man! Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & showt myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

I have no objecshuns to your going into the Spear bizness," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, lein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "this ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Serpent!" sed the man.

The students of the Conneaut Academy gave a theatrical entertainment a few winters ago. They "executed" Julius Cæsar. Everything went off satisfactorily until Cæsar was killed in the market-place. The stage accommodations were limited, and Cæsar fell nearly under the stove, in which there was a roaring fire. And when Brutus said—

"People and Senators!—be not affrighted,"

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself out side my beverage, "my son A. J. is goin on 18."

Ain't you afraid if you set him this example he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoe makin bizness," I replide. "I guess we can both on us get along without your assistance, Sir," I observed, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll get into a warmer one by and by if you don't mind your own bizness better." I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I'm onwell, I arter wards learned he was a temperance lecturer and if he can injuee men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country I shall hartly rejoice. Better give men Prussick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelm-in success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the institushun, pretty enough to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my handbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. Ward's onparalel show conspicuously posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when western men who knew what it is, refooze to take their own money it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtuo is its own reward.

A. WARD.

he was amazed to see Cæsar rise upon his feet and nervously examine his scorched garments. "Lay down, you fool," shouted Brutus, wildly, "do you want to brake up the whole thing?" "No," returned Cæsar, in an excited manner, "I don't, I want to act out General Cæsar in good style, but I ain't goin' to boil under that cussed old stove for nobody!" This stopped the play, and the students abandoned theatricals forthwith.

EDWIN FORREST AS OTHELL.

Durin a recent visit to New York the undersigned went to see Edwin Forrest. As I'm into the moral show bizness myself, I ginerally go to Barnum's moral Museum, where only moral people air admitted, particularly on Wednesday arternoons. But this time I thot I'd go & see Ed. Ed has been actin out on the stage for many years. There is varis 'pinions about his actin, Englishmen ginerally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister Macready; but on one pint all agree, and that is that Ed. draws like a six ox team. Ed. was actin at Niblo's Garding, which looks considerable more like a parster than a garding, but let that pass. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Several opery glasses was leveled at me by Gotham's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mebbly I did take out my sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the beat of us has our weaknesses & if a man has jewelery let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me, axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair Champion jig," the young man continerd "but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral to-morrow-arternoon & the korpz should be ready! Your too smart to live on this yearth." He didn't try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylance muss in-dividoooul, in a red vest and patent lether boots, told me his name was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him 50 cents till early in the mornin. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtuous couch, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The Orchestry was now fiddling with all their might, & as the peple didn't understand anything about it they applaudid versifrusly. Presently, Old Ed Cum out. The play was Otheller or More of Veniss. Otheller was writ by Wm. Shakspeer. The scene is laid in Venniss. Otheller was a likely man & was a ginal in the Veniss army. He eloped with Desdemony, a darter of the Hon. Mister Erabantio, who represented one of the back districks in the Veneshun legislatur. Old Erabantio was as mad as thunder at this and tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin Otheller, howsoever, that De-demony had come it over her Par, and that he had better lock out or she'd come it over him likewise. Mr. & Mrs. Otheller git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and luvia—a nice, sensible feemale, never goin in for be-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers and pickled beats. Otheller is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired



"Fair Youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

girl doin all the cookin and washin. Desdemony, in fact, don't hav to get the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named Iago, who, I bleeve wants to get Otheller out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the Otheller family in the most out-rajus stile. Iago falls in with a braneless youth named Roderigo & wins all his money at poker. (Iago allers played foul) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. Mike Cassio, a Irish man, is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was a clever feller & officer in Otheller's army. He liked his tods too well, howsoever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin young men. Iago injunes Mike to drink with him, Iago slyly throwin his whisky over his shoulder. Mike gets as drunk as a billed owl & allows that he can lick a yard full of the Veneshun fancy before breakfast, without sweatin a hair. He meets Roderigo & proceeds for to smash him. A feller named Montano undertakes to slap Cassio, when that infatooated person runs his sword into him. That miserable man, Iago, pretents to be very sorry to see Mike condack hisself in this way, & undertakes to smooth the thing over to Otheller, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's up. Iago cunningly tells his story, and Otheller tells Mike that

he thinks a good deal of him but he can't train no more in his regiment. Desdemony sympathises with poor Mike & interceeds for him with Otheller. Iago makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of Mike than she does of hisself. Otheller swallers Iago's lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of his-self ginerally. He worries poor Desdemony terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs. Iago cums in just as Otheller has finisned the fowl deed and gives him fits right & left, showin him that he has been or-fully gulled by her miserable cuss of a husband. Iago cums in, & his wife commences rakin him down also, when he stabs her. Otheller jaws him a spell & then cuts a small hole in his stummick with his sword. Iago pints to Desdemony's deth bed & goes off with a rardonic smile onto his countenance. Otheller tells the peple that he has cum the state sum service & they know it; axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing

he can do. This is a brief skedule of the synopsis of the play.

Edwin Forrest is a grate acter. I thot I saw Otheller before me all the time he was actin, and when the curtain fell, I found my spectacles was still mistened with salt-water, which had run from my eyes while poor Desdemony was dyin. Betsy Jane—Betsy Jane! let us pray that our domestic bliss may never be busted up by a Iago!

Edwin Forrest makes money acting out on the stage. He gits five-hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!

Several years ago Bill McCracken lived in Peru, Indiana. [We were in Peru several years ago, and it was a nice place we don't think.] Mr. McCracken was a screamer, and had whipped all the recognized fighting men on the Wabash. One day somebody told him that Jack Long, blacksmith at Logansport, said he would give him (McCracken) a protracted fit of sickness if he would just come down there and smell of his bones. The McCracken at once laid in a stock of provisions, consisting of whisky in glass and chickens in the shell, and started for Logansport. In a few days he was brought home in a bunged-up condition,

on a cot bed. One eye was gouged out, a portion of his nose was chewed off, his left arm was in a sling, his head was done up in old rag, and he was pretty badly off himself. He was set down in the village bar-room, and turning to the crowd he, in a feeble voice, said, "hot tears" bedewing his face the while, "Boys, you know Jack Long said if I'd come down to Logansport he'd whale b—H out of me; and, boys you know I didn't believe it, but I've been down thar and I found he would."

He recovered after a lapse of years and led a better life. As he said himself, he returned from Logansport a changed man.

MOSES THE SARY; OR THE DISGUISED DUKE.

CHAPTER I.

ELIZY.

My story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is covered ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She has just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The sun is settin in its horizon, and its gorgus light pores in a golden mellerfluid through the winders, and makes the young lady twict as beautiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berag, basque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contains 16 flounders and her shoes is red morocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims: "Methinks I see a voice!"

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which at air turned up over his boots: his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt to one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape Grease, in its barmiest days near produced a more hefty cavileer. Gazin upon him admirably for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organized her self into a tabloo, & stated as follers:

"Ha! Do me eyes deceive me or sight? Is it some dreams? No, I reckon not! That frame! them store close! those nose! Yes, it is me own, me only Moses!"

He (Moses) fowled her to his hart, with the remark that he was "a hunkey boy."

CHAPTER II.

WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH?

Moses was a freman of Engine Co. No. 49. Forty's fellers had jus bin havin an anual re-union with Fifty's fellers, on the day I introjue Moses to my readers, and Moses had his arms full of trofees, to wit: 4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears, (which he chewed off) and sev'ral hair and quarter sections of noses. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, he said:—"How hast the battin games? Tell me!"

"We clawed 'em up—that's what we did!" said the bold Moses.

"I thank the gods!" said the fairy Elizy. "Thou did'st excellent well. And Moses," she continue'd, layin her hed confidinly agin his w'shin, "do'st thou I sometimes think thou istest of noble birth?"

"No," said he, "willy ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say go!"

"Indeed do I! Your doul grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night."

"Oh, my grandfather a mistak!" said Moses.

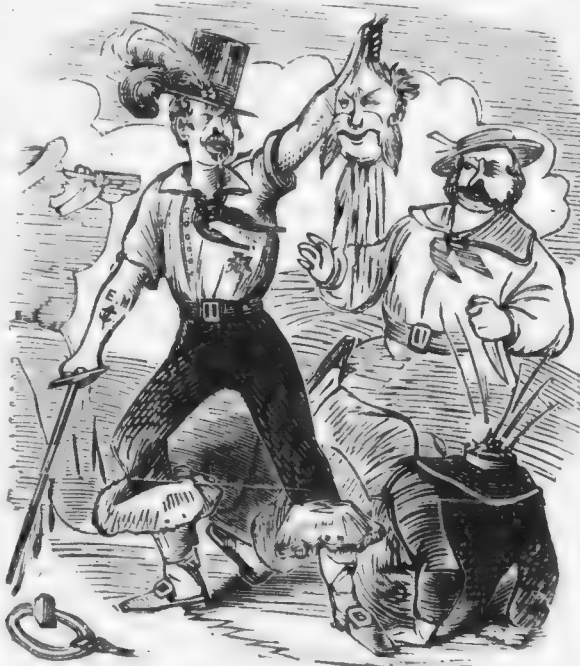
"I'll be bound to say so," said Elizy. "He said, 'Moses is a Duke and a Duke is a Duke.'"

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Duke?" said she.

"That settled the matter."

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B! Which! Saw, sow! But enuff. O life! life!—you're too many for me!" He tore out some of his pretty yellor hair, stamp on the floor sev'ral times, and was gone.



"Oh that I should live to see myself a del body!" screamed the unfortnet man.

CHAPTER III.

THE PIROT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship the Sary Jane, is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary. The pirut captin isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The captin of the S. J. is on the pint of givin in, when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffal overcoat rushes foreord and obsarves:

"Old man! go down stairs! Retire to the starbud bulk-hed! I'll take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the captin, "away with thee or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Skurcely," obsarved the stranger, and he drew a diamond-bilted fish-knife and cut orf the captin's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "we are governed too much."

"People!" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d'Moses!"

"Old hoss!" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin!" whare-upon the Juke cut orf his hed also.

"Oh that I should live to see myself a del body!" screamed the unfortnit man. "But don't print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ya!"

"People!" sed the Juke, "I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut! Ho! a peck of oats!" The oats was brought and the Juke, boldly mountin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly app roached, chucklin with fendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the pirut swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

"Ouet agin do I es ape deth!" sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the Sary.

Yes it was!

He had bin to France and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave him a banker's bill. He had some trouble in gittin himself acknowl'd as the Duke in France, as the Orleans Dynasty & Borebones were too busy bein kindly cinkered. Elizy knowd him right off, as one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin clawed off in his fights with op'pos'ter feller and in boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountain squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein perfect but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyous as a flower garding, my objeck will have bin accomplished, and more too.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I hav no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was I spose I should holler versifurously in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal fire and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my naburs was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich I should be on the look out for the infamius lise of the enemy, got up jest bet elecshun for perlittical effect. When all was over and my candydade was elected, I should move heving & arth—o to speak—until I got office, which if I didn't git a office I should turn round and aboor the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the business. I'm in a far more respectful bisniss nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wuss insult I ever received was when sartin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legialater Sex I, "My frends, doest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the hold feller in his parlor, surrounded by a perfect swarm of office seekers. Knowin he had been captin of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-sails, reef hum the fore-castle & throw yer jib-poop overboard! Shiver my timbers, my har-ty!" [N. B. This is genuine mariner langw dce. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite crest & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's impossible sir."

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sez I.

"A office-seeker, to be sure!" sez he.

"Wall, sir," sez I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be you wants to see me say so—if not say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sez one of the office seekers. The idee bein to git off a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "et all you tellers repose in that there Buzzum there, be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of office-seekers arrove & cam pillin into the parlor. Sum wanted post-nces, sum wanted collector-ships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hand with em before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with office seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whiskey into him, mistook me for Old Abe and address me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I you want a offiss putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Homusid West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offis if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "a patrit is abur them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there Equire?" sez I, when antoh r crowd of offiss seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when another crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parlor where Old Abe was endeavorin to keep the hungry pack of office-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire-place he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is sig. 'rs to that there dockment!"

"Good God!" cride Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his deliket mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeavorin to crawl between his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upst the President elect & he would hav gone sprawlin into the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before

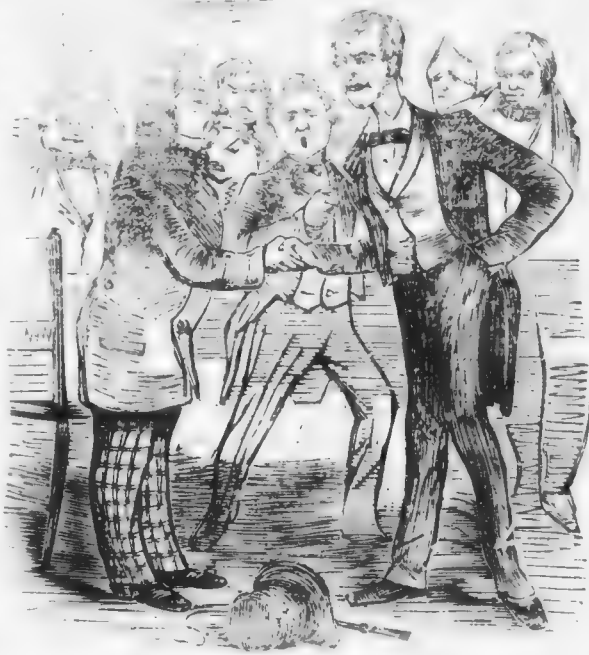
another man cam crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilenly agin the inards and prostratin my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shoutid the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the schoolmaster!"

Sez I, "you egrejis ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more kerful how you make my bread basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the paper's you want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sez I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin round on the hungry crowd, "there is scarcely a

offis for every lie lamp carrid round durin' this campane. I wish there was. I wish there wa furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppedmics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's plac I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continered, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death! Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to pedlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—be am 'original and only' Campbell Minstrels—g lectur'n at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—write for the Ledger—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitabler public, printed on your handbil's—anything for a honest livin bet don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings out! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin, but go to—till I fin five minits from this time," sez I pullin out my new six-dollar huntin cased watch and brandishin it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits among you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again



An Interview with President Lincoln.

and no mistake! Clear out you varmints!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run orf as tho Satan hisself was arter them with a red hot ten-pronged pitchfork. In five minit th premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir!"

"By givin the whole country a good sound administration. By poerin' ile upon the troubled waters North and South. By pursuin a patriotic, firm, and jist course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinin, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen as deyed of p'ntice. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the publi-

They know what the public wants, North & South Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinin as is a Cabinin fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun mun't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these veins A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt was to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any o' us! A. Linkin use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordynally by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each other's liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the Ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bisness—admittance only 15 cents.

FOR S.

Every man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and sum other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris diff-liss critters goin round loose whose fort is not to do n' thing.

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav' succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rek-sit fancy and immaginashun

That's so!

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev any public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be found? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whare else.

Old man Townsin's Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the world! another life saived!" (Cot-ashun from Townsins advertisement.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay sub-machine tallegraf under the boundin billers of the Oshon, and then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepared Goo, which is ev'rything Wonder if it will mend a sinners Wick! I waze. (Imprompto goak.)

Zoary's Fort is to be a femalle circus feller.

My Fort is the grate moral show bisness & ritin choice famerly litera-tor for the noospapers. That's whare the matter with me.

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefinite extent.

Twist I've endeverd to do things which they wasn't my Fort. The first time was when I undertuk to lick a owl as was in my tent & I was

sed into you putty berry." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," wareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & he cawt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & hing me into a mud puddle.

As I aroze & rung out my drencht garminits I koncluded stin wasn't my Fort. He now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldom that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole. But in a certain town in Injianny in the faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life & I thowt I'd list in a few swallers of suthin strengthin. Konsequents was I histed in so much I didn't raskly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild bees of Pray loose into the street and spilt all my wax works. I then bet I could play boss. So I hitched myself to a Kanawl bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on also, one behind and another ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to git up. and we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangement begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummick & back, and presuntly I found myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cuscuroorus savijis. I was reasood, & as was bein carried to the tavern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble voice, "Boys, playin boss

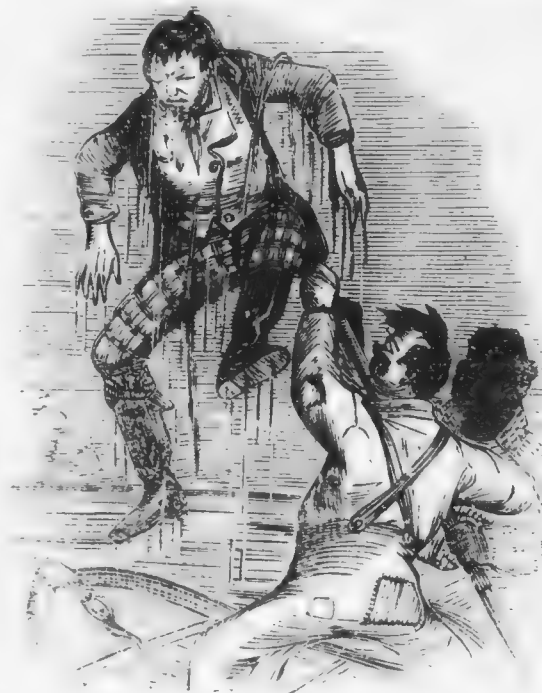


Illustration of a man in a top hat and coat, possibly a doctor or a man of authority, standing over a man who is lying on the ground, seemingly unconscious or dead.

Isn't my Fort?"

My Fort—New Fort is nothin which isn't your Fort, for ef you do, I'll only p'pose a lashin round in the Kanawl, figuratively speakin.

We have a prayer boarder in the following prayer boarder.

There is a prayer boarder in the following prayer boarder, who is a house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man owned a praying house and filled it with t'ables, but f'gure out the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man, he sold the house and the prayer proviso. A certain man owned a praying house and filled it with t'ables, but f'gure out the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man, he sold the house and the prayer proviso. A certain man owned a praying house and filled it with t'ables, but f'gure out the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man, he sold the house and the prayer proviso.

And to say, and the other morning the praying boarder actually "smack!" Something like the followin dialogue occurred at the table:

Landlord—Will you pray, Mr. M.H.?

M.H.—No, sir, I will not.

Landlord—Why not, Mr. M.H.?

M.H.—It don't pay, sir. I can't pray on such virtuals as these. And unless you lend yours it is writing to set a better table than you have done for the last three weeks, nary a other prayer do you get out of me!

And that's the way the matter stood at latest advices.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

DEAR SIRS,—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you enjoyin the same blessings I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of youth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steed, and in the futer them boys which sez to me "go up, old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individooally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I habe to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unpareld show of wax works and livin wild; Beests of Pray in the early part of this month. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavern tostin my shins agin the bar-room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs who shoood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house"

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzard, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if hee'd kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austere look, "William, I woodnt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till hewas black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of peple. There was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Ebon Parsuns, Deakun Simnuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery etsettery. Miss Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchen. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchen fire, and a small army of female wimie were rusbin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung was my feelins, so I rusin out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth akes the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin? & she grabd me by the coat tules. "What's the matter with you?" she continnered.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her pretty face with her apun.

"Wall" sez I, "that's what the matter with me!"

"Wall, put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confiaed to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed where I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchen I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a walkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. Quite a eppisode," sed Doctor Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, wayin about 18 pounds jintly.

"A perfect coop de tat," sed the schoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in propriator persony," sed I, thinkin I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young Ebon Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose its all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislater for City Charter?"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conspickius place in the next Bugle."

"How redicklus," sed Pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possest.

"Wall, for my part," sed Jane Maria Peasly who is the crossest old made in the world, "I thank you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, Mis. Peasly, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I ain't."

Sez I, "Mis. Peasly, you never will be."

Sue left

We sot there talking & larfin until the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespeare aptlee ob-sarves in his dram of John Shephard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Mather & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin.

Whereas, two Eppisodes has hap-pined up to the unnersined's house, which is Twins; & Whereas I like this stile, sade twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my heart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I doo most hartily thank Engine Ko. No. 17 who under the impresum from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that there was a konflagration goin on, kum galy-antly to the spot, but kindly refrand from squirtin.

Resolved, that from the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fir givin up the idea of Sarahnadin m, both on that great nite & since.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeded me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns towards the follerin individooals, to whit namelee—Mis. Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent for a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editor of the Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty, who nobly assisted me in wollupin my Kangeroo, which sagashus little cuss seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screeetchins & kickins up; Mis. Hiram Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasnt kon-venient to cook vittles at my house; and the Peasleys, Parsunses & Watsunses fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.



"Twins, marm," sez I "twins!"

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

You'll be glad to learn that I've made a good impression onto the mind of the landlord of the Greenlion tavern. He made a speech about me last night. Risin' in the bar he spoke as follows, there bein over 20 individuals present: "This North American has been an inmate of my house over two weeks, yet he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my family. He hasn't broke no cups or saucers, or furniture of any kind. (Hear, hear) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his vittles with a knife and a fork. People of this kind should be encouraged. I purpose 's elth'!" (Loud cheers)

What could I do but modestly get up and express a fervent hope that the Atlantic Cable would bind the two countries still more closely together? The landlord said my speech was full of originality, but his idee was the old stage coach was more safer, and he thought people would indorse that opinion in due time.

I'm gettin' on excellen't well in London. I see now, however, that I made a mistake in orderin my close afore I left Lome. The trowsers the taler in our little village owed me for a pig, and I didn't see any other way of gettin' my pay. Ten years ago these close would no doubt have been fash'n'ble, and perhaps they would be ekally similar ten years hence. But now they're different. The taler said he know'd they was all right because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashions reg'lar. This was a infamous falsehood. But as the ballud says (which I heard a gen'l'man in a new soot of black close and white kid gloves sing together night), Never don't let us despise a man because he wears a Rag-gid Coat! I don't know as we do by the way tho' we gen'rally get out of his way pretty rapid; probly on account of the pity which tears our bosoms for his unhappy condition.

This last remark is a sarkastic and witherin, thrust at them blotted people who live in gilded saloons. I tho't I'd explain my meaning to you. I frequently have to explain the meaning of my remarks. I know one man and he's a man of varied accomplishments—who often reads my articles over 20 times afore he can make anything of 'em at all. Our school-master to home says this is a peculiarity of genays. My wife says it is a peculiarity of infernal genays. She's a excellen't practical woman. I remember, however, and hammer her little ways. It's a reckless falsehood that she helped me, and the young man in our neighborhood who said to me one evening, as I was mistakin my business with a gentle cocktail at the village tavern—who said to me in these very langwidge, "Go home, old man, unless you desires to have another teapot throwd at you by B. J.," probably regrets having said so. I said "Betsy Jane is my wife's name, gentle youth, and I promise no person to allude to her as B. J. outside of the family circle, or at all." I am it principally not. You other observations I shall not repeat, and I must point you out. He was a able-bodied young man and a fine even his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to; what I said Yes; there was a P. viler-grindist handy, nothin' would hurt me greater pleasure, which he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin' me to make a rapid retreat into the fire-place. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organised. But I rallied and went for him, in rather vigor's style for my time of life. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state 15 minits had only elapst after the

first act, when he was carried home on a shutter. His name met the solemn procession at the door, and after keefully looking her offspring over, she said, "My son, I see how it is distinctly. You've been foolin' round a Trashin' Masheen. You went in at the place where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and you got up into the 'tingamyjig, and let the horses tread on you, didn't you, my son?" The pen of no livin Orthur could describe that disornit young man's sittin' more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him till he got well. His reg'lar original father being absent to the war, I told him I'd be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I'd already been wass than two fathers to him.

I will here observe that I am orto be allus avoided, except in extreme cases. My principle is, if a man smites me on the right cheek, I'll turn my left to him, probly; but if he insinuates that my gran'mother wasn't all right, I'd punch his head. But ain't this mas'ble biznis, gen'r

ally speakin, and whenever any enterprisin countryman of mine cums over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring I'm allus excessively tickled when he gets scooped hisself, which it is a sad fact has thus far been the case—my only sorrow bein' that t'other feller wasn't scooped likewise. It's different with scullin boats, which is a manly sport, and I can only explain Mr. Hamit's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn't used to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfactory to all.

I'm a little sorry you've got politics over here, but I shall not diskuss 'em with nobody. Tear me to pieces with wild omnibus hoses, and I won't diskuss 'em. I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other night, and went to the great meetin' for a few minits. I hadn't been in the hall long when a stern locken' artisan said to me.

"You are from Wales?"

No, I told him I didn't think I was. A biggy's tho't flasht over me. It was of that onprincipled waler, and I said, "Has my clothin' a Welch appearance?"

"Not by no means," he answered, and then he said, "And what is your opinyin' of the present crisis?" I said, "I don't zackly know. Have you got it very bad?"

He replied, "Sir, it is sweepin' over England like the Cymoon of the Desert."

"Well," I said, "let it sweep."

He ceased me by the arm and said, "Let the blame of history. It is now some two thousand years—"

"Is it, indeed?" I replied.

"Listen carefully, child: it is nearly a hole over two thousand years since—"

"Oh, hush! I meanly, let it go, and git some beer."

"No, Sir, I want no glass and sensual beer. I'll not move from this spot till I can say 'Who am I?'"

I handed him my card, which in addition to my name, contains a clabrit description of my show. Now, I proudly said "you know me?"

"I solemnly swear," he sternly replied, "that I never heard of you or your show in my life!"

"And this man," I cried bitterly, "calls hisself a intelligent man, and thinks he orto be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!"



"What a Welch appearance!"

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

DELIVERED JULY 4th. AT WEATHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT 1859.

[I delivered the folerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating audience. I was 96 minutes passin a given pint. I have revised the orashun and added sum things which make it approposier to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammars and punktooted it. I do my own punktooting now days. The printers in VANITY FAIR office can't punktoote worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've been honored with an invite to norate before you to-day and when I say that I skurcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me.

Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patriotism the world over, and to be axed to pawe and address you on this, my first perfersheral tower threw New Englar, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to feel. (Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my excentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. Tals between you and I.)

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothing about needed languages as I am a little shaky on livin ones. Theret, expect not a very talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good. I've no enemies to reward, nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I lov the Union—it's a big thing—and it makes my heart bleed to see a lot of ornery people a-movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth, to bust it up. Too much good blood was spilt in warthin and marryin that billy respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Infamy is celebratin a matchin marid people with neartness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the plecters don't give her no shoes or stockings, but the band of scars upon her hed must continner to shine undimd, forever. I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I hev said! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more afraid of a bad weather storm. This was imprudent, and seemed to amuse them very much.]

Feller Citizens—I brin't got time to notis the growin of America from the time when the Mayflowers cam over in the Pilgrim and I was at Plymouth Rock with them, but every shoot boy nose our career has been tremerj's. You will excuse me if I don't praise the eryl settlers of the Colonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimmin for whishes burnt holes in Quaker's tongues and consined their feller editors to the treadmill and pillery on the slightest provoo. shun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile and I will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washington was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm-hearted, and stiddy-goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters—A. W.] They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git onto the fust poolar hobby-horse which trots along,

not carin a sent whether the beast is even goin, clear sited and sound or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventooally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin themselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumphantly on its shouldurs will soon diskiver its error and cast them off into the hoss pond of Oblivyun, without the slightest heitashun. Washington never slept over. That wasn't George's stile. He loved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kornered hat and knee breeches, and we shan't see his line right away. My friends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patrits & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his shoulders and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of seashers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus.

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have been ten dollars in Jeff Davis' pocket if he'd never bin torn!

Be sure and vote at least once at all electshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the kripples air provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamous hoo whitech the Opposishun will beartin to git up fur perlitical effek on the eve of electshun. To the poles! and when you git there vote as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persess, it is one of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see much to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar air about as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole be still.
& you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetings Houses, your enterprise, gumpshun &c., but your favorit Berridge. I disgust. I all ide to New England Rum. It is worse nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stone jugs & will turn the stummuck of the most

shiftless bloke. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Eole, but tuther day I worrid down some of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to sware like a iffooliated trooper. On takin the second glass I was sceezed with a desire to break winders, & arter imbibing the third glass I knocked a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin Syllanus Kobb's last Tail. Its dredded stuff—a sort of lickwid littenin got up under the pusal supervision of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you air about it you will do a fast rate thing for yourself and everybody about you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickens. But unless your inards are cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Berridge.

My friends, I'm dum. I fear myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant oder of Onyins about my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterline to the Rummuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & you'll be happy!



The Unionist's great Fourth of July

A WAR MEETING.

Our complaint is just now war meetings. They've bin havin' 'em bad in varis parts of our cheif Republic, and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us.

Our big meetin came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institutions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. STONEWALL, is a poli-b'd, skarcastle writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road.

"The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't bald-headed, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sally! Wonder if the Editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it? This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister SARAH is very much one-eyed. For a gentle home thrust, Mr. STONEWALL has few equals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I b'lieve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolutely necessary for him to remain here and announce, in his paper, from week to week, "that our Government is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion." I b'lieve, upon my soul, this illustrious man would enlist as a Brigadier General and git his Bounty.

But to return to the war meeting. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elegance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of College in a naberin place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capetle?

"DAN SETCHELL," I said. "He can do it, afternoons. Let him plant his long and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin foe, and they'll skeddaddle! Old SLATCH can do it."

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the Editor of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napo'ionic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark in this connection, that the editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men, do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust that the gent'lman will not fail to say suthin about the busy haunts of men, before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."

"You can't be more soft, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! Order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might enlist as a liberty pole," said I in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some striking and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin to enlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can enlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your duty bein to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, commencin as follows:

Resolved, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin on, and

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall JACKSON sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months men—

At this point he was interrupted by the sound of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin carryin guns and led by BETSY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin umbrellar, burst into the room.

"Here," cried I "are some nine-months wimin!"

"Mrs. WARD," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. WARD, and ladies, what means this extrord'nary demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin

fools of yourselves. You air willin to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetings is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall JACKSON from comin over to Maryland and helpin himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less talk. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifyin, which don't mount to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, an go to fight; otherwise you can stay to home and take keer of the children, while we wimin will go to the wars!"

"Gent'lmen," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old Gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfect rapters.

"Is this roll-book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin?" she cried.

"With men—with men!" Our quety was made up that very night. Still believin that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up with as any young lady in distress could expect to be, I am

Your's more'n anybody else's, A. WARD.



The Editor of "The Bugle" interrupted by Betsy Jane and her friends.

POPULARITY.

What a queer thing is popularity. Bill Pug Nose of the "Plug-Uglies" acquires a world-wide reputation by smashing up the "champion of light weights," sets up a saloon upon it, and realizes the first month; while our Missionary, who collected two hundred blankets last August, and at that time saved a like number of little negroes in the West Indies from freezing, has received nothing but the yellow fever.

Fiddlers, Prima-Donnas, Horse Operas, learned pigs, and five-legged calves travel through the country, reaping "golden opinions," while editors, inventors, professors, and humanitarians generally, are starving in garrets. Revivals of religion, summer resorts, and pleasure trips, are popular, while trade, commerce, and chloride of lime are decidedly non-popular. Popularity is a queer thing, vary. If you don't believe us, try it.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

I picht my tent in a small town in Injanny one day last season, & while I was standin at the bar takin money a deppytashun of ladies came up and sed they was members of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin & Wimmin's Rite's Associashun, and thay axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air Sir?"

"My impresshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you are females."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society which beleeves wimin has rites—which beleeves in razin her to her proper speer—which beleeves she is endowed with as much intellect as man is—which beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—and who will resist hensoth & forever the incroachments of proud & domineering men."

Durin her discourse, the exsentric female grabed me by the coat-kollor & was swingin her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, startin back, "that your intensions is honorable? I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin of the yoke of 'ginnity & thinkin & votin for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natral born body," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"O who?—what?" screamed the

female swingin her umbreller in the air. O, what is the price that woman pays for her experience?"

"I don't know," sez I, "the price to my show is 15 cents per individual."

"& can't our Society go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooll, crooll man!" she cried, & bust into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" said another of the exsentric wimin

[taken me afeckshunately by the hand

"O, please let my darter in—she's sweet gushin all of rater."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I ever stak at their ternal nonsense. "Let her gush!" Where upon they ad a tang back with the exsentric wimin that I was a Peest.

"My friend," sez I, "be4 you leave, I've a few words to remark wathin wath. The female woman is one of the greatest institutions of which this land can boast. It's enposible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unpareld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in welliness—good all the time, O, woman, woman!" I sed, my feelins worked up to a high poetick pitch, "you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appariel & (metaphorically speakin)—get into panty lions—when you dress your dresses, & with your full of wimin's rites motions go round like roarin lions, seekin whom you may devour suddenly—in short when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an enefatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "was it what A. Ward has sed?"



The Ojibwa Indian Ottoo, his tomahawk, and settles down to farming.

SCANDALOUS DOINGS AT PITTSBURG.

Here in the Province of my fairerly I am enjoyin myself at pias with awl mankind and the wimin's folks likewise. I go down to the village ockashunly and take a "till the old Reg" for the stamurick's sake but I avoid spirits & kers as a general thing. No man ever came intossickted but once, and that air happened in Pittsburg. A parcel of ornery cusses in that lousy city—sed I later on—awl durin the nite and I abused my wax works shamefully. I sed I serve the outrageous transashuns until the next mornin when the peple began for to kongregate. Suddenly they kummed—first to larf and holler in a boysterious way. "Sed I good peple what's up?" Says they then's grate wax works, isn't they, old man. I immediately looked up ter where the wax works was and my blood was as I think of the she which then met my Gase. I hope to be dodn't terfild if them afoursed rassals hadent gone and put a old kaved in hat onter George Washington's led and chived a short black clay

under his nose. His nose was red and painted red and his trans's legs they had shawl inside his shoes. My wax finger of Napoleon Bonapart was likewise mawltreated. His sword was hangin between his legs, it's cock I hat was drawn clean down over his nose, and he was playin a longin gashun lookin suchly as the he was as frank as a red hot iron. General Taylor was a standin on his feet and Wingfield Scott's best time was play over his head and his wax were kummed by turn out from himself. My wax works I present to the Lord's Just Supper was likewise abused. Three of the Peest's were under the table and two of them had an old tarpawlin hat and ragged pe jackets and were snickin pipes. Judas Ischariot had an old cracked hat and was apparently drinkin, as a bottle of whisky sot in for him. This ere speckteral was too much for me. I closed the show and then drew did my sorsers in the Flavin Hole.

THE CENSUS.

The Sences taken in our town bein taken sick he deppertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to giv me informashun how to proceed, I was consekently compelled to go it blind. Sittin down by the road side I drew up the follerin list of questions which I proposed to ax the people I visited

Wat's your age?

Whar was you born?

Air you married, and if so how do you like it?

How many children hav you, and do they sufficiantly resemble you to preclude the possibility of their belongin to any of your nabers?

Did you ever hav the measels, and if so how many?

Hav you a twin brother several years older than yourself?

How many parents hav you?

Do you read Watt's Hims regier?

Do you use boughten tobacco?

Wat's your fitin wate?

Are you troubled with biles?

How does your meresham culler?

State whether you air blind, deaf, idiotic or got the heaves?

Do you know any Opry singers, and if so how much do they owe you? What's the average of virtoo on the Ery Canawl?

If 4 barrils of Emptins pored onto a barn floor will kiver it how many place can Dion Boulicault write in a year?

Is beans a regier article of diet in your family?

How many chickens hav you, on foot and in the shell?

Air you aware that Injienay whisky is used in New York shootin galrys instid of pistols, and that it shoots furthest?

Was you ever at Niagary Falls?

Was you ever in the Penitentiary?

State how much pork, impendin crysis, Dutch cheese, poplar survinty, standard poetry, childrens' strainer's, slave code, catnip, red flannel, ancient histry, pickled tomatoes, ole junk, perfoomery, coal ile, liberty, hoop skirt, &c., hav you on hand?

But it didn't work.

I got into a row at the fust house I stopt to, with some old maids. Disbeleven the ansers I giv in regard to their ages I endeavored to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with hosses, but they floc into a wilent rage and tackled me with brooms and sich. Takin the senses of their experiance, like any other bizniss.

WAX FIGURES VS. SHAKESPEARE.

UNTO THE WING. — 1859.

MR. EDITOR

I take my Pen in hand to inform you that I'm in good helth and trust these few lines will find you enjoyin the same blesings. I wood also state that I'm now on the summer kampane. As the poet sez —

ime erlate, ime erlate
On the Swift rollin' tread
An the Rovir is free

Bizness is scarcely middlin, but Sirs I manige to pay for my foode and raiment punctuocally and without no grumbelin. The barked arrers of slandur has bin leviled at the undersined moren onct sins heze bin into the show bizness, but I make bold to say no man on this foothstule kan troothfully say I ever ronged him or eny of his folks. I'm travellin with a tent, which is better nor birin hauls. My show konsists of a series of wax works, snakes, a panoramy kalled a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, komie songs and the Cangaroo which larst little cuss continers to konduct hisself in the most outrajus stile. I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompelled to sware so much at that air infernal Kangeroo that I'm frade this desirs will be flustradid to some extent. And while speakin of morrality remines me that sum folks turn up their noses at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patrernized by peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernal nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the ko nrtary. What sort of sense is there to King Leer who goze round



"Home Guard Drill."

ster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to in kold blind, and then goze to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss so he kan go orf and kill some more peple. If he isn't a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shood like to know where you find um. There's Iargo who is more ornery nor pisun. See how shamful he treated that hily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleve his wife was too thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to carry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mister Othe'llers feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller which cawses her deth But I must stop.

Very Respectively, Yares,

A. WARD, T. K.

TOUCHING LETTER FROM A GORY MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD.

BROADWAY.

Dec. 10, '61.

Dear Father and Mother:

We are getting along very well. We mess at Delmonico's. Do not repine for your son. Some must suffer for the glorious stars and Stripes,

and dear parents, why shouldn't I? Tell Mrs. Skuller that we do not need the blankets she so kindly sent to us, as we bunk at the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan. What our brave lads stand most in need of now, is Fruit cake and Waffles. Do not weep for me.

HENRY ADOLPHUS.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PIRNCE OF WALES.

FRIEND WALES.—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marriage to the Printcis Alexandry, & menter: was you a congrats country letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn the summer, & hant no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

Numer changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic is thick & dense. I sumtimes think it is too thick, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunction with Capin Sem, of the States, say, manetanes a nootral position.

I'm afraid I can't write you now when I sit about it. Oh, no, I can't!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifices, you see.

I have already given two cousins to the war, & I stand redly to sacrifice my wife's brother rather than see the rebelyn krusht. And I wuss cums to wuss I lashed ev'rd drop of blood my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as anybody else. When I get a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caused sum squinnin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is an American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallandiggum, who is Conservativ, and who was resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortogass if Abe had sposed for a minit that the Tortogassas would keep him.

We haint got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin' circle which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspente as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay a hundred dollars a piece for em is a question. Mr. Whiting, who years ago took care of the draft business right here, says it is a good way to go.

I think most of the young men in this place will go. I saw one who had stopped in that way at Concord, N.H., where I understand they are all sent to the States.

You see I'm a seep, friend Wales, but in all sides: but no excuse is ment. You know I'm a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Under—till the only candidate I've got. I claim, however, to have a well-balanced mind, tho' my ideas of a well-balanced mind differs from the ideas of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Ellison, and he of our old strollin' dramatic company, & we played The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take partic'larly, and I says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em some immoral durny. We had a large troop into our hands, consistin' of eight troupe members, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, I have got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old fellow, but you have a low ass)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that is above the common that the public rekires. That's wot I call a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now on a tour in the state of Vermont. The miserble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestra, and wisbin to expire

to show moose, he died playin on a clarinet himself, interspersed with hart-rendin groans, & such is the world! Alas! alas! how onthankful we are to that Providence which allows us to live and borrow money, and still not do better!

But to return to our subject. With our resunt grate triumphs on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and there is waters no Father need fee), I should say the war is winnin, and the merin back of things in other places is better. We shan't want no Museum of Harts. And what uper want is the people of Canady. N. H. want a Museum of Harts for. Hant you got the State? Now hant what more do you want?

But all this is furrin to the purpuse of this note, arter all. My object in now addressin' you is to giv you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin your wife, a biznis I've had over thirty years' experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers have a good deal to say about it, but I don't think it was worth it. Not to say what that air is, and so I frank'y tell you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both very much frustrated. But I never enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowless, your supper was ahead of ourn. As regards eatin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too.

You can git half a hamster at Delmonico's or Mr. Massé's for six dollars, and other pointers throwed in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust comment trainin' her I instrootod a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandon'd. You'd better do similar. Your wife may object to gittin' up and bildin' the fire in the mornin' but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overcome this prejudiss. I regret to observe that I didn't commence early enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fire that I didn't commence early enuff. It was a rather cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idea to Fetsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor, partly dead. I don't think I shall do it again.

I don't think you can hardly learn to do it. I know I know. My daughter says she can't do it. I speakin' of my daughter, I don't think she can do it. A number of young men have sadly discovered that I'm a very entertaining old feller, and they visit us frekently, specially on Sunday evnins. One young coap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father gives him a letter, and he says the papers containin' the proceedins of our State Legislature. The old gent'man likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash, beef, and potatoes, but he can't eat it. He says he can't eat it. He says he can't eat it. He says he can't eat it.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd kin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to



be betrayed into drinking several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consequens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble licker concealed about my person. I had sumbow got peresahun of a bosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin' I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have cum, Betsy," I continued—crackin' the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

I dream'd that night that sumbody had laid a bosswhip over me sev'ril consecootiv' times; and when I woke up I found she had. I haint drank much of anythin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustained a good character.

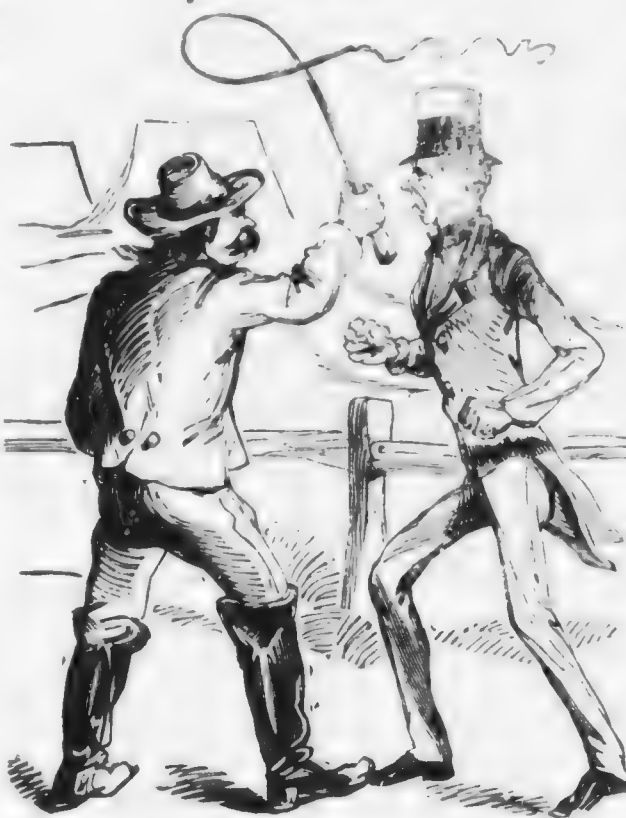
"I AM HERE"

There is no mistake about that, and there is good prospect of my staying here for some time to come. The snow is deep on the ground, and more is falling.

The doctor looks glum, and speaks of his ill starred countryman, Sir J. Franklin who went to the Arctic once too much.

"A good thing happened down here the other day," said a miner from New Hampshire to me. "A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Say: the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules is into the sage-brush. You go catch 'em—that's wot you do.' Says the man of Boston dressin', 'Oh no.' Says the Driver, 'Oh yes' and he took his long coach whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

It didn't strike me as much of a joke to pay a hundred and seventy five dollars in gold fare, and then be horse-whipped by stage-drivers for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas differ in regard to shrewdness—which "reminds me of a little story." Sitting in a New



The Bostonian gets into a state of excitement with the mule-driver

She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a venerable age, and died while in the act of frying flap-jacks for the County Commissioner. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toomstun! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't give her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illustrated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particelly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, anyhow.

There's varit ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a peconery pint of view. I make bout as much in the course of a year as a Cabinet Minister does, & I understan' my bizness a good deal better than sum of 'em do. Respects to St. George & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy." A. WARD.

England country store one day I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers.

"Say, Bill, wot you done with that old sorrel mare of yours?"

"Sold her," said William, with a smile of satisfaction.

"Wot! you git?"

"Hund'd an' fifty dollars, cash deown!"

"Show! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin', spavin'd critter?—Who'd you sell her to?"

"Sold her to mother!"

"Wot!" exclaimed brother, No. 1. "did you raily sell that kickin' spavin'd critter to mother? Wall, you air a shrewd one!"

A Sensation Arrival by the overland Stage of two Missouri girls. They are going to Nevada territory to join their father.

"This is the first Squar' meal we've had since we left Rocky Thompson's," said the eldest. Then addressing herself to me, she said: "Air you the litterary man?"

I politely replied that I was one of "them fellers."

"Wall, don't make fun of our clothes in the papers. We air going right straight through in these here clothes, we air! We ain't going to rag out till we get to Nevada! Pass them sassiges!"

"Yes," said Winchell. "You know both of his eyes were gouged out, his nose was clawed off, and both of his arms were torn out at the roots. Of course he couldn't recover."

This was said for the benefit of the drunken man, who was standing or trying to stand, within a few feet of Winchell, but he took no sort of notice of it and was apparently ignorant of the celebrated delineator's presence. Again Winchell endeavored to attract his attention, but utterly failed as before. In a few moments the drunken man staggered out of the room.

"I can generally have a little fun with a drunken man," said Winchell, "but it is no go in this case."

"I suppose you know what ails the man who just went out?" said the "gentlemanly host."

"I perceive he is alarmingly inebriated," said Winchell; "does anything else ail him?"

"Yes," said the host,—"HE'S DEAF AND DUMB!"

This was true. There was a "larf," and Winchell subsided.

We have read a great many stories of which Winchell, the great wit and mimic, was the hero, showing always how neatly & entirely he sold somebody. Any one who is familiar with Winchell's wonderful powers of mimicry cannot doubt that these stories are all substantially true. But there is one instance which we will relate, or perish in the attempt, where the jolly Winchell was himself sold. The other evening, while he was conversing with several gentlemen at one of the hotels, a dilapidated individual reeled into the room and halted in front of the stage, where he made wild and unsuccessful efforts to maintain a firm position. He evidently had spent the evening in marching to the blight, and his possession of four rod whiskey down his throat, and at this particular time was decidedly and disreputably drunk. With a sly wink to the crowd, as much as to say, "We'll have some fun with this individual," Winchell assumed a solemn face, and in a ghostly voice said to one of the company:

"The poor fellow we were speaking of is dead!"

"No?" said the individual addressed.

THINGS IN NEW YORK:

The stoddent and connyseer must have noticed and admired in variis parts of the United States of America, large yeller hanbills, which not only air gema of art in theirowes, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show let me here observe that contains many livin' wild animills, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

Them hanbills is sculpt in New York.

& I annsooly repair here to git some more on 'um

& bein' here, I tho't I'd issuo a Address to the public on matters and things.

Since last I meyandered these streets, I have been all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtoo unimpaired, but I've got to git some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place, even durin' my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contemplate. The house, in Varick street, where I used to Board, is bein' torn down. That house, which was rendered memoriable by my livin' into it, is "parsin' away! parsin' away!" But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin' on continerly. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empire is totterin' & Dysenteries is crumblin'. These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane street, sculps my hanbills, & he's a artist. He studid in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my hanbills as fast as they-re sculpt. You have to watch these ere printers pretty close, for they're just as apt to spel a wurd rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months, & what S ate do I find the country in? Why I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find some things that is cheerin', partic'ly the resolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin' furrin' goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountains, and bombazeen from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin' clothes and pumpt into fabrics of domestic manufactur.

But, says sum folks, if you stop importin' things you stop the revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to smoke their livers as dry as a corn-cob with Cuby cigars because 4-sooth if they don't, it will hurt the Revenoo! This talk 'bout the Revenoo is of the bosh, boshy. One thing is tol'bly certin—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is doo the wimin for this patriotic move—and to tell the trooth, the wimin generally know what they're bout. Of all the blessins they're the soothinist. If there'd never bin any wimin, where wou'd my children be to-day?

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a general and therrer curtailment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin' ter'bly extravagant, & onless we paws in our mad career in less than two years the Goddess of Liberty will be seen doggin' into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown

done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold 'stars in her head-band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly, like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do. If they warnt quite so honest! (Suttle goaketh.)

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other day I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who thin' that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness, should not delay about sendin' the money right on for one. And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimin who air goin' to abandon furren goods, and another for the patrotic everywhere, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family-gossip.

It was 11, P. M., when I reached my homestid and knock a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrust itself out of the front chamber winler. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) And a voice said

"Who is it?"

"It is a man!" I answered in a gruff vois.

"I don't b'lieve it!" she sed.

"Then come down and search me," I replied.

Then resum'n' my nat'ral voice, I said, "It is your own A W, Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!"

"Oh," she said, "it's you, is it? I thought I smelt something."

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin' I found that my family were entertainin' a artist from Philadelphia, who was there paintin some startlin' water-falls and mountains, and I morin' suspected he had a hankerin' for my old-st daughter.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn, father," sed my daughter.

"Glad to see you, Sir!" I replied, in a hospittile vois. "Glad to see you."

"He is an artist, father," sed my child.

"A whichist?"

"An artist. A painter."

"And glazier,?" I askt. "Air you a painter and glazier, sir?"

My daughter and wife was mnd, but I could n't help, I felt in a comickil mood.

"It is a wonder to me, Sir," said the artist, "considerin' what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," said I to my wife, "that somebody don't secure him with a chain."

My reported capture by the North American savijis of Utah, led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthly things and was a angel playin' on a golden harp. Hent's my rival home was unexpected.

A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was sittin' on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum object.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well, too, tho his prayer was ruther lengthy. The Editor of the Bugle, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares, solid nonparil."

A. WARD.



An object who say I want go to the war.

AGRICULTURE.

The Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual Fair, he wrote the President of that Society as follows:

New York, June 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR —

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance without immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye, and oats; but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbors told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lecturing."

Those cows are now quite fat. I take pride in my cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago, I tried sheep-

raising. I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad land beyond the acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gaily over the hill-sides. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very nice eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate me, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-colored, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and shapely-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Mr. Perkins," I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished and observed:

"Waal! did you ever?" I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood in the greensward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat-distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat extending from ear to ear.

This closed their life-stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist, I was not a success.

Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass.

We hired four honest farmers to do it, and I led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dropped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I'm here!"

"Then follow me!"

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to "stop." Then in a low firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John change places with me. I haint got long to live, anyhow, 'Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and terrib'le gams in the other or not! But you, John, you are young."

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

"I mean that if you continner to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash h— out of some of us before we're a hour older!"

There was some reason mingled with this white-haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never knowed a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had farried he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was a headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to

the house, and as I neared the porch, I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"

"Oh, no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say, "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it!"

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown.

I peered cautiously through the kitchen-blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he *do-soed*. She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married, and Mr. Perkins is never troubled with headache.

My friend Mr. D. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, thinks if I "keep on" I will get in the Poor House in about two years.

If you think the honest farmers of Barclay Co. want me, I will come.

Truly Yours, CHARLES F. BROWNE.



Artistic finds it pleasant strolling about his farm with his dressing-gown and cigar.

CHAPTER I.—THE MORMON'S DEPART:

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy foreboding.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy and rosy; and you, Betty, with your wine-red lips, far more delicious, though than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Maria, with your winsome voice, and you, Susan, with your—well, you—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other ten—ten of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, with you and Dearests."

• Curious, they lovingly claim it
• Love will

"All so far, well," said Reuben. "Come to my room, my own!" he said, "that is, if you can find time to do so. I am on my feet, for I must away."

He is a lover of the
 the thing is, and I am
 aware.

[illegible]

He rose with a dull groan, and turned away, as if he saw, which was near, a tiger head.

(c) In the M. J. R. case, we have to distinguish the

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

At the same time, the woman said, "I don't want to be a stricken mother. I want to be a mother who is strong. Oh, my son—my son—tell me where the mother is who can say, 'I may die if you want.'"

In var' - n var' $\log$ tabulated; $\log \eta$

CHAPTER II.—FEDERAL TRADING

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortu-

ante son's widow. But before her arrival she indiscreetly sent a boy to Bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wires felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," scolded Emily

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he did."

"He did."

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at me, with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No you won't," said Su-an. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's my business to strew."

"You shan't, go there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Bet-y, "I ain't on the show much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been reduced to
nothing, you won't," said the golden-
haired Nelly: "that's my position.
You bet your bonnet things it is."
"Children," said Regina, "I
trust you needn't be so cry-
ing; you know, on the day of the
fair, and how many pretty
things the boys will be taking to go
round; but, you know, Nelly, you ought
to know, we do between you."

"I'll tear her out of this place!"

[illegible]

mother the wives waited to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered

That night the twenty wives with heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective beds. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would nevermore linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would nevermore press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches—never, never more!

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without sickerfyin, in any respect, where them mules went to!"

CHAPTER IV.—MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years elapse between the third and fourth chapters.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?"—the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," returned Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madame," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought."

"Twenty-one hearts that beat as one."

They were united, they were!

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

The red man of the forest was formerly a very respectable person. Justice to the noble aborigine warrants me in saying that originally he was a magnificent case.

At the time Columbus arrived on these shores (I allude to Columbus, Count me in), the savages were virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rummy, draw-poker, and sinfulness generally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, fire tanks, delinquent treasurers, or Associated Press. Their habits were consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsia, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage stamps. You couldn't have bolted a coonskin with a barrel of 'em. The female Aborigine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whale-bone things; but in loose and flowing garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a unlucky moment for us when Columbus set his foot onto these shores. "I would have been a terror for us of the present day if the Indians had given him a warm meal and sent him home over the ragin' "



Lo! The poor Red man and a "pretty waiter girl!"

billers. For the savages owned the country, and Columbus was a filibuster. Cortez, Pizarro, and Walker were one-horse filibusters—Columbus was a four-horse team filibuster, and a large yaller dog under the waggin. I say, in view of the mess we're makin' of things, it would have been better for us if Columbus had staid to home. It would have been better for the show business. The circulation of VANITY FAIR would be large, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir, and perhaps a ten-pin alley.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin' that the scalpin' wretches who are in the injin business at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, specially the Siouxes of Minnesota, who deserve to be murdered in the first degree, and if Pork will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em himself, I reckon they will be.

A MAN in Buffalo—an entire stranger to us—sends us a quarter-column puff of his business, with the cool request that we "copy as editorial, and oblige." If he does not eventually subside into a highway robber it won't be for lack of the necessary impudence.

BUSTS.

There are in this city several Italian gentlemen engaged in the bust business. They have peculiarities and eccentricities. They are swarthy-faced, wear shaggy hair and flat pea-jackets, and smoke bad cigars. They make busts of Webster, Clay, Bonaparte, Douglas, and other great men, living and dead. The Italian buster comes upon you solemnly and cautiously. "Buy Napo-leon?" he will say, and you may probably answer not a buy. "How much giv-ee?" he asks, and perhaps you will ask him how much he wants. "Nine dollar," he will answer always. We are sure of it. We have observed this peculiarity in the busters frequently. No matter how large or small the bust may be, the first price is invariably "nine dollar." If you decline paying this price, as you undoubtedly will if you are right in your head, he again asks, "how much giv-ee?" By way of a joke you say "a dollar, when the buster retreats indignantly to the door, saying in a low, wild

voice, "O dam!" With his hand upon the door-latch, he turns and once more asks, "how much giv-ee?" You repeat the previous offer, when he mutters, "O ha," then coming pleasantly towards you, he speaks thus: "Say 'how much giv-ee?' Again you say a dollar, and he cries, "take 'em, take 'em"—thus falling eight dollars on his original price.

Very eccentric is the Italian buster, and sometimes he calls his busts by wrong names. We bought Webster (he called him Webster) of him the other day, and were astonished when he called upon us the next day with another bust of Webster, exactly like the one we had purchased of him, and asked us if we didn't want to buy "cole, the whipzener!" We endeavored to rebuke the depraved buster, but our utterance was choked, and we could only gaze upon him in speechless astonishment and indignation.

On the ninth day we reached Aspinwall in the Republic of Grenada. The President of New Grenada is a Central American named Mosquero. I was told that he derived quite a portion of his income by carrying passengers' valises and things from the steamer to the hotels in Aspinwall. It was an infamous falsehood. Fancy A. Lincoln carrying carpet-bags and things! and indeed I should rather trust him with them than Mosquero, because the former gentleman, as I think some one has before observed, is "honest."

I intrust my bag to a speckled native, who evidently gives me to understand that he is the only, strictly honest person in Aspinwall. The rest, he says are niggers—which the colored people of the Isthmus regard as about as scathing a thing as they can say of one another.

I examine the New Grenadian flag, which waves from the chamber window of a refreshment saloon. It is of simple design. You can make one.

Take half a cotton shirt, that has been worn two months, and dip it in the molasses of the Day and Martin Brand. Then at the times gambol over it for a few days and you have a flag of the United States of Sweet Liberty.

At the Howard House the men of sin rub their hair and hands to the bows of the bar, and the girls are waving their lily-white hoofs on the luzzing wait.

We have a par life in which an English person's face and hands his massive brow against my stomach. He apologizes, and I say "all right, my lord." I subsequently ascertained that he superintended the shipping of coals to the British steamers in the bay. Fighting cocks.

The ball steps suddenly.

Geographical. One of the passengers in my boat and I have been in the street. One of the natives has been seen in the street. One of the natives has been seen in the street.

In case they had no argument to make it likely for them to be put down at last. I found myself in a position to speak of the Central American Republic. I made a speech to the hotel and the natives. I made a speech to the hotel and the natives. I made a speech to the hotel and the natives.

The Central American Republic is a country of valises, &c., then squander it for liquor. My native comes to me and I sit on the verandah of the

Howard House smoking a cigar, and solicits the job of taking my things to the cars next morning. He is intoxicated, and has been fighting to the palpable detriment of his wearing apparel; for he has only a pair of tattered pantaloons and a very small quantity of shirt left.

We go to bed. Eight of us are assigned to a small den upstairs with only two lame apologies for beds.

Mosquitoes and even rats annoy us fearfully. One bold rat gnaws at the feet of a young Englishman in the party. This was more than the young Englishman could stand, and rising from his bed he asked us if New Grenada wasn't a Republic? We said it was. He thought we had said it was not. "Of course I mean no disrespect to the United States of America in the remark, but I think I prefer a bloated monarchy!" He smiled sadly: then handing his purse and his mother's photograph

to another English person, he whispered softly, "If I am eaten up, give them to Me mother—tell her I died like a true Briton, with no faith whatever in the success of a republican form of government!" And then he crept back to bed again.

We start out again the next morning for Panama.

My native comes bright and early to transport my carpet sack to the railway station. His clothes have suffered still more during the night, for he comes to me now dressed in a small rag and one boot.

At last we are off. "A Central American!" the natives cry; to which I pleasantly reply, "Add a long may it be before you have a chance to do so again!"

The cars are comfortable on the Panama railway, and the country through which we pass is very beautiful. But it will not do to trust it much, because it breeds fever and all other unpleasant disorders at all seasons of the year. Like a girl we must all have known, the Isthmus is fair but false.

There are mud bars all along the route, and half-naked savage gaze patronizingly upon us from their doorways. An elderly lady in specta-

cles appears to be much scandalized by the scant dress of these people, and wants to know why the Select Men don't put a stop to it. From this and a remark she incidentally makes about her son who has invented a washing machine which will wash, wring and dry a shirt in ten minutes, I infer that she is from the hills of old New England, like the Hutchinson family.



An intemperate California miner desires to be an angel, and with the angels stand.

The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a Revolution. When his feet begin to swell and there are preliminary symptoms of gout, he "revels" a spell, and then solemnly returns to his cigarette and his hammock under the palm trees.

The Central American Republic is a perfect chaos. I do not at all precisely know what a last part of a man's life of immortal glory may be, but probably they are about as bad as those of a Central American in regard to a republican form of government.

And yet I am told they are a kindly people. I met them in a kind of a place of them—a Costa-Rican, named the Ariel. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of

gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it in his pocket.

At Panama we lose several of our passengers, and among them three Peruvian ladies, who go to Lima, the city of volcanic eruptions and veiled black-eyed beauties.

The Senoritas who leave us at Panama are splendid creatures. They learned me Spanish, and in the soft moonlight we walked on deck and talked of the land of Pizarro. (You know old Piz, conquered Peru! and although he was not educated at West Point, he had still some military talent.) I feel as though I had been in a relation, including my grandmother and the cooking stove, when these gay young Senoritas go away. They do not go to Peru on a Peruvian bark, but on an English steamer.

HORACE GREELEY'S RIDE TO PLACERVILLE.

When Mr Greeley was in California ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from the Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be feted at 7 o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, the great man must be there by 7 to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I must be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at 7!"

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack, crack! went the whip, and again "that voice" split the air. "Git up! Hi yi! G'long! Vip—yip!"

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an India-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said:

"Do—on't—on't—on't you—u—u think we—e—e—e shall get there by seven if we do—on't—on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" that was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head "might have been seen" at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—care—air, if we don't get there seven."

"I have got my orders!" Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

The other evening we enlivened a railroad car with our brilliant presence. The conductor came in. The following were a few of the questions put to him: One old fellow, who was wrapped up in a horse blanket and who apparently had about two pounds of pigtail in his mouth wanted to know, "What pint of compass the keers was travelin' in?" An old lady, wanted to know what time the 8 o'clock train left Rock

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all!"

"I've got my orders! I work for the California Stage Company, I do. That's wot I work for. They said, 'git this man through by seving.' An' this man's goin through. You bet! G'rlong! Whooop!"

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop, you——maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk.

"I've got my orders! Keep your seat, Horace!"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville they met a delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass-band, and a six-horse wagon load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley aboard?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"He was, a few miles back!" said Mr. Monk; "yes," he added, after looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coach-roof—"yes, I can see him! He is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the Chairman of the Committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir—why, God bless me sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follows: 'git him there by seving!' It wants a quarter to seving! Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the Committee-man, seizing the off leader by the reins—"Mr. Monk we are come to escort him into town! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir!"

"I've got my orders!" screamed Mr. Monk. "My order's don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'git him there by seving!' Let go them lines! Clear the way there! Whooop! KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence gray-haired men, who were looking in to a procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself like a wild apparition, above the coach-roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for awhile, then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he holds to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

Island for "Dubu-kue?" A carryty-haired young man wanted to know if "free omybuses" run from the cars to the taverns in Toledo? A tall, razor-faced individual, desired to know if "conductin'" said as well out West as it did deoun in his country; and a portly, close-shaven man, asked the price of corner lots in Omaha. These and many other absurd questions, the conductor answered calmly and in a resigned manner.



Horace Greeley's gay and festive adventures on the overland route from California.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.

Some queer people, calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality, established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio, a few years since. Public opinion was resistlessly against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.

Some years ago pitched my tent and unfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had heard that Berlin Hites was occupied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleieved in affineritys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatson ever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on ginerall principles. If I can improve thes ere misgided peple by showin them my onparalled show at the usual low price of admittants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vane! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregare around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpose (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow on to their boozums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamphlets and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbons, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild-voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed.

"And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst, and you would have found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabed me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildy round, exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired info. mashum."



Horace Greeley's gay and festive adventures on the overland route from California.

Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scarcely," I sed, endevertin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon airth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know where. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too much!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very much riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I adress them as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go away from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizness is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why dont you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honest livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestiforous ideas! You wimin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful, like

other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile. I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE IN UTICA.

In the fall of 1875, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sittin in the State of New York

The people gave me a cordyal recepsahun. The press was loud in her prases.

I day as I was givin a description of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile, what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced 'ir to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you about?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle'."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with which obsarvashun he kaved in Judasis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3rd degree.

DULL.—It is a scandalous fact that this city is desperately and fearfully barren of incident. No "dem'd, moist, unpleasant bodies" are fished up out of the river; no ambitious young female runs off with her "feller," no stabbings, gougings, or fisticuffs occur; no eminent merchant suspends; no banker or railroad man defaults; and not even a dog fight disturbs the rigid and corpse-like quiet of the city. We

want a murder. We insist upon havin a murder. A manslaughter wont do. It must be a murder, premeditated, foul, and unnatural. It must be a luscious murder, abounding in soul-harrowing incidents. Some "man in human shape" must chop the heads of his entire family off with a meat-axe, or insert a butcher-knife ingeniously under their fifth ribs. Let murder be done. Bring on your murderers.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—I was a little disappointed in not receiving an invitation to join in the meetings of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exactly see how they go on without me.

I hope it wasn't the intentions of the Scienciers to exclud me from their deliberations.

Let it pass. I do not repine. Let us remember Homer. Twenty cities claim Homer dead, thro' which the livin Mr. Homer couldn't have got trusted for a sandwich and a glass of bitter beer, or words to that effect.

But perhaps it was an oversight. Certinly I have been hospitably rec'd in this Country. Hospitality has been pored all over me. At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my 'rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a briton comin and perlutely shuttin the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frenly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yit touchin gesture, welcum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh yes—I guess he doesn't he. And it's quite right among two great countries which speak the same langidge, except as regards H's. And I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckingham Pallis I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referred to the sidewalk insid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelings.

I prepared a Essay on Animals to read before the Social Science meetings. It is a subject I may truthfully say, I have successfully wrestled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old.

In case I had red the Essay to the Social Scienciers, I had intended it should be the closin attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedings. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been indentified with 'em doirin my entire percesional career as a showman, more especial bears, wolves, leopards, & serpunts.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contact with. It is too he cannot change his spots but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasnt nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner, I used to easionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because their is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollab'e passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I wacked this leopard more than ushil, which elissited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman with spectacles, who said "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I anserd, hitting him another whack.

"I pritly desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effect of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creeturs better than you do." With that he went up to the cage, and trustin

his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, "Come hither, pretty creetur." The pretty creetur come-hithered rayther speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle Sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you musn't fondle 'em. You musn't meddle with their idiosyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Beers, you can't teach 'em to do interesting things but they're onreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his hed in grief, and give a mournful wale, etsetry. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly

ocured to the Fed'ral soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintainin a rate of speed durin the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed *Gladiator*. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat; and I said to my bear, shortly after, as I was givin a exhibition in Ohio—I said, "Brewin, are you not sorry the National arms has sustained a defeat?" His business was to wale dismal, and bow his head down, the band (a barrel organ and a violin) playing slow & melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence dancin & larkin in the most joyous manner. I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty. I will relate another incident in the career of this retchid Bear. I used to present what I called in the bills a beautiful living Picture—showin the Bear's fondness for his Master: in which I'd lay down on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down beside me, restin his right paw on my breast, the Band playing "Home, Sweet Home," very soft and slow. Altho' I say it, it was a touchin thing to see. I've seen tax-Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, "Ladies & Gentlemen, we will now show you the Bear's fondness for his master," [and I went and laid down. I tho't I observad a peccoliar expression in his eyes, as he rolled clumsily to'ards me, but I didn't dream of the scene which follered. He laid down, and put his paw on my breast, "Affection of the bear for his Master," I repeated. "You see the Monarch of the Western Wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals nat'rally are, we now see that they have hearts, and can love. This Bear the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her che-ild!" But what was my horror, when the grizzly and infamous Bear threw his other paw under me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close embrace he waltzed up and down the platform in a frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make matters wuss, a low scurillus young man in the audiens' hollered out, "Playfulness of the Bear! Quick moosic!" I jest 'scaped with my life.

Very respectfully yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.



IS INTRODUCED TO THE CLUB.

Mr. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—It is seldom that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mard by Games.

It is Commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly toards each other rather than statesmen.

I come of a very clever family.

The Wards is a very clever family, indeed.

I believe we are descendid from the Puritans, who nobly fled from a land of despitism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin *his*.

As I was walkin along Regent street, amosin myself by stickin my penknife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell-coaches (at one of whom howled with anguish), I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who, said, "I have 'seen that face somewheres afore!"

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell have been burnished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was it in the Crimea, comrade? Yes, it was. It was at the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!"

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol, I escaped a fatal wound by not bein there. It was a healthy old fortress," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who brought her down," I added; "and hurrah for 'em!"

The man graspt me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked as much as he did me. "Let us," he added, "let us to the shrine of Bacchus!" And he dragged me into a public house. I was determined to pay, so I said, "Mr. Bacchus, giv this gen'l'man what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner-time arrove, when the agree'ble gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, Sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy, they was welcome to it.

We had soup and fish, and a hot jint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintage. We had ices, and we had froot from Greenland's icy mountains and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptuous repast was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnly left his pocket-book at home on the marble centre-table. "But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my puss; tho I inardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever family.

The agreeable gentleman then said, "Now, I will show you our Club. It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror."

"Did Bill belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Wall," I said, "if Billy was one of 'em I need no other endo-

ment as to its respectfulness, and I'll go with you my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agreeable man told me that the Club was called the Slosers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the club. In fact, if any member appeared there in evenin dress he'd be instantly expeld. "And yit," he added, "ther's genyus there, and lordly emotions, and intelleck. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intelleck you'll see there."

We reached the Slosers in due time, and I must say they was a shabby-looking lot, and the public house where they convened was cert'ly none of the best.

The Slosers crowded round me, and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful breastpin you've got," said one of 'em. "Permit me," and he took it out of my neckercher. "Isn't it lurly," he sed, parsin it to another, who passed it to another. It was given me by my Aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except

on very special occasions. I see that beautiful boosum pin a parsin from one Sloser to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poet, "parsin away! parsin away!" I never saw it no more. Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:

"At larst! at larst! My Wil-yim, from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, Marm. Not on no account. I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart didn't whisper Sen-zan! I've belayed the marlin-spikes on the upper jibpoop, but Senzan's eye wasn't on me, much. Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are! she howled, seizin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have a opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the point of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever family. A very clever family, indeed.

"Where," I crad, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Captin—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "what do I see? Me Sister! me sweet Adulalide! and in teers!"

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the breast pocket of which contained my pocket book, and it parsed away like the breastpin. Then they sorter quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Greenlion.

"Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you've been up to larks!" said the landlord, larfin loudly, and digging his fist into my ribs.

I said, "Bigby, if you do that agin, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent family, I shall disfigger your benevolent co-atenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, friend?" said the landlord.

"My spirits has been ruffled," I answered in a bittur voice, by a viper who was into the Crimea. What good was it," I cried, "for Sebastopol to fall down without envelopin in its ruins that viper?"



ARTEMUS WARD.

Artemus Ward at the Rink.

